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## DR. BOOKER'S TOBIAS.

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IF another Edition of this Poem should be called for—it is the author's intention to publish at the same time, a sufficient number of additional Pieces to form a handsome Volume. In which case, the present Purchasers of the Poem shall be accommodated with such additional Pieces at half-a-crown each copy, and so paged as to bind up with the present Work.

To prevent Trouble, and to ascertain what number of detached Impressions may be wanted—those names which *have* been, or (in the course of six months) which *may* be left at the Printer's or Publishers, will be gratefully preserved: and, unless intimation be received to the contrary, Copies will be printed and delivered accordingly.

RANN, PRINTER, DUDLEY.

## CHIOT MARCHANT

Chiot Marchant  
was a dog who was born in 1875.  
He was a small dog, and he was very  
clever. He could run very fast, and he  
could jump over obstacles. He was  
very good at catching birds, and he  
was also good at catching mice.

Chiot Marchant died in 1882.

Chiot Marchant was a very good dog, and he was very clever. He could run very fast, and he could jump over obstacles. He was very good at catching birds, and he was also good at catching mice.

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**T O B I A S,**  
A POEM.

---

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## LINES TO WHICH THE PLATE REFERS.

---

It was a garden, where commingling sweets,  
Breath'd from innum'rous flow'rs, fill'd all the air,  
And shadowy trees with luscious fruits were hung.  
---There, ere he spake, amaz'd, with radiant light  
They saw his brow encircled, and his form  
Assume surpassing grace. On either cheek  
Sate more than mortal beauty,--bloom more soft  
Than tint of dewy rose. Benignant Love  
Beam'd from his piercing eye ; and lustrous wings,  
Whiter than cygnet's down, expanding grew  
On his fair shoulders. Round him was a robe  
Cerulean wreath'd, of gossamer--instinct  
With stars of living light and dropt with gold.  
While through the ambient air such sweetness stole,  
That earth seem'd heav'n.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
And lo ! while, rever't, the astonish'd pair  
Adoring bow'd, far-beaming glories shone  
Around their angel-guest : when, upward borne,  
Majestic, in a flood of amber light  
He vanish'd !

SEE PART III. LINE 298, &c.

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# T O B I A S:

## *A POEM,*

---

IN THREE PARTS,

---

BY THE REV'D LUKE BOOKER, LL. D.



*Drawn, & Engraved by F. Eginton Birmingham.*

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. BOOKER, No. 56, BOND-STREET,  
BY JOHN RANN, DUDLEY.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND  
RICHARD HURD, D.D.  
LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

*THE FOLLOWING POEM,*

AS A CHARACTERISTIC TRIBUTE

TO

EXALTED PIETY,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S DUTIFUL,

AND MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



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## PREFACE.

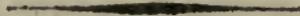
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THE following Poem is constructed upon the story of Tobit. Such story being apocryphal, the author conceived himself at liberty to treat it in the manner he has done, *i.e.* to do what every dramatic and every epic writer scruples not to do; namely, clothe the tale or history selected by their Muse in their own language. Neither did he deem himself bound to observe that strict adherence to Order and to Fact which the canonical parts of Scripture absolutely require. Had he been employed upon that hallowed ground, he most certainly would not have presumed to "add thereto or diminish" a single iota; nor scarcely to have "used his own words." Whereas, in the present instance it will be seen that he has added—especially in the department of Similes and Illustrations—very considerably: and in some cases, where poetical necessity seemed to require it, he has diminished. It will also be seen that, from

beginning to end, he has almost entirely used his own language. In short, the Incidents alone, with some few exceptions, are what he has kept in view: and these are as striking and as beautiful,—as natural and pathetic, as any that were ever comprised in one story. In the original they are detailed in simple narrative, without any descriptive colouring, and utterly devoid of comparison or adornment. That charming Simplicity he has all along endeavoured to retain, while weaving the Narrative into a Poem.—In a word, he has aimed to convert an open champaign Country, of uncommon interest, yet destitute of tree or flower, into a paradise,—interspersing throughout it only such objects as are consistent with the scene, and which, like indigenous productions, may be said to have sprung spontaneously from the soil.—To drop the metaphor—he has attempted to render the history of a pious, persecuted, yet not heaven-forsaken Family, more inviting to general readers; hoping, at the same time, that it will not prove less instructive.

Thus much he conceived it necessary to say respecting the Poem. It is also necessary, perhaps, to say something respecting the Title he has given it. He chose to denominate it **TOBIAS**, because that Title was not præoccupied by any other Writer. And when is con-

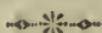
sidered the great share of Interest Tobias affords to the subject ; who may be termed the *pius Aeneas* of the piece ; it will be allowed not improperly to bear his Name, rather than that of his venerable Father. If, however, the author, in this or any other conclusion, be wrong, he trusts he shall be corrected in his error by discerning and candid criticism ; whose Strictures, for the future improvement of his poem, he will receive with Thankfulness, and whose Approbation he will deem an Honour.



# ARGUMENT

OR

## THE FIRST PART.



The Name and Memory of a good man imperishable---evinced in the Example of Tobit, the father of Tobias. His distinguished piety amidst an idolatrous kindred. He marries, and is blessed with a Son, Tobias---is carried away captive from his native place to Nineveh ---his virtuous behaviour in captivity---conciliates the favour of the reigning prince, who appoints him to an office of trust and power in the province. His beneficence to the distressed companions of his captivity---incurs by this conduct the displeasure of the tyrant Sennacherib, and flies to save his life. The scenes of his concealment described. The tyrant being slain, he returns from his wanderings to Nineveh --celebrates there an annual feast, and sends his son Tobias to seek and bring thereto his poor fellow-exiles. An incident, that turns the house of feasting into a house of mourning. The father of Tobias is struck with blindness---becomes despondent, and prays for death---delivers a variety of counsels and instructions to his son---informs him of a sum of money lent to his brother Gabael at Rages; which he bids him go to regain, after a proper guide has been found to conduct him thither. Such an one is soon met with in the person of Azarias, who appears to them to be a young man, but is, in reality, an angel, with whom Tobias departs for Rages. After his departure, Anna his mother deplores his absence, and despairs of his safe return. Her husband consoles her.

# TOBIAS,

A

## SACRED POEM.

---

### PART THE FIRST.

---

WHAT tho' the viewless wing of hoary Time  
Sweep o'er the good Man's grave, and age on age  
In slow succession awful roll along—  
Still shall his Virtues, like Asbestos' pow'r,  
Enshrine his Name in brightness. Vainly yawns 5  
Oblivion's gulf, and vainly lifts the arm  
Old ruthless Ruin, to shake down his Fame,  
And wreck his well-earn'd Glory: Honour plants  
Around his dust her amaranth, and bids  
His Memory be immortal.—Such high Worth 10

In olden days a friendless Orphan grac'd ;  
 And Tobit was his Name. No boast had he  
 Of proud progenitors ; himself the root  
 Of his inglorious line whence Goodness sprang :  
 All else a tribe idolatrous and rude,  
 God's holy fane forsaking. Ere yet beam'd  
 Warm on his cheek the purple light of youth,\*  
 To Solyma his course was duly steer'd :  
 His abject kindred Baal's court the while  
 Crouded, and impious bent the adoring knee  
 Before the insenate god. He, he alone  
 To heav'n's High King breath'd uncorrupted pray' r,  
 And offer'd, as that Sov'reign's law ordain'd,  
 Each grateful tribute ; tythes, and copious fruits  
 First yielded ; of his fleecy flocks what first  
 Was shorn.† These, at God's bidding, to his priests  
 He willing gave, and blessings crown'd the gift.

\* Lumenque juventæ purpureum.

VIRE.

† Exod. xxii. 29. Deut. xii. 6.

Thus good, thus gentle, lov'd of God and man,  
To years he grew of hale maturity ;  
When Anna, fairest of Judea's tribe, 30  
His virtues won ; and to their nuptial bliss  
Was added, much desir'd, a blooming boy.  
But blooming boys, and nuptial bliss, and Worth,  
Avail not, oft, to shield the heart from woe.  
This Tobit found. And, undespondent, hence 35  
Learn, O ye Good ! affliction's ills to bear.

What time the sceptre Enemessar sway'd  
O'er proud Assyria's realm, to Nineveh,  
A sorrowing Captive, from his native plains,  
Tyrant-Oppression dragg'd the hapless swain. 40  
Yet no mistrust of Heav'n e'er shook his mind.  
Amid a recreant tribe, lur'd by the rites  
Detestable of Nineveh's base sons,  
Who sensual revell'd in unhallow'd joys--  
He walk'd unblamably ; and from his lips 45  
Arose exulting praises, lowly pray'r.

—To Temperance lost, an irreligious crew,  
Regardless of their Seer's restrictive Law,  
His kindred on forbidden meats regal'd ;  
While he, tho' urg'd by Nature's keenest need, 50  
Abstain'd, abhorrent, fix'd, inflexible ;  
Aw'd by the sanctions of that holy Law,—  
And thoughts of God's strict Justice.—Acts like these  
Just Heav'n ordain'd should favouring grace inspire  
In Nineveh's dread Prince,—who rais'd to pow'r 55  
The trusty Captive. Now, with means to bless  
So amply gifted, he the succouring hand  
Out-stretch'd to all that met his pitying eye.  
Early imbued with soft Compassion's balm,  
By aged Worth, the mother of his Sire, 60  
Gladness he planted on the pallid cheek  
Of fainting Hunger; and the shivering limbs  
Of houseless Poverty, when cold winds blew,  
Cloth'd he with Comfort. Nor did he withhold  
Ev'n from the Dead kind Service. All their wrongs  
Concluded, he his fellow-captives bore [65]

To where the grief-worn sufferer rests in peace,

And kings and captives share a common lot.

Thither his royal patron gone—these deeds

Which won his eulogy and favouring smile,

70

The tyrant's ire, who to th' imperial throne

Next rose awaken'd ;—he, the foe malign

Of God and goodness (Oh prepost'rous guilt !)

For these decreed Destruction. But that Wing

Which o'er the head of Virtue oft is spread

75

Protective, shielded Tobit from the blow.

Far fled God's servant : yet his perilous flight

Was cheer'd, not by his Anna or his son.

Thro' darksome glens he solitary roam'd,

And wild woods mantled with entangling briars,—• 80

Remotest haunts from danger ;—unexplor'd,

Save by the woodman or the rustic hind,

• Silva fuit, latè dumis atque ilice nigra

Horrida, quam densi complèrant undique sentes. VI. 26.

When from his herd perchance some truant stray'd,  
Of scrip devoid and all-procuring wealth,  
Precarious was his fare and hardly found,--- 85  
Earth-roots, and blushing berries, and the dole  
Of feeling Poverty. His fiery thirst  
Was sooth'd by waters welling from the side  
Of some high rock, ne'er visited by ray  
Of solar orb. Recumbent there at noon, 90  
The murmuring rivulet and sighing gale,  
Accordant with his sorrows, grateful sleep  
Invited.---But ere twice the lucent Moon  
Her lamp had hung amid the glittering gems  
That stud the wide cerulean dome of night, 95  
His woes and wanderings ceas'd---the cause no more.  
The tyrant from whose vengeance dire he fled,---  
The rancorous hater of his captive-tribe,  
Fell!---fell, e'en by the parricidal arm  
Of his own sons: \*---when, to high office rose 100

\* Isaiah xxxvii, 37, 38.

One, nobly-daring, who the friend became  
Of injur'd Tobit: one whose generous mind,  
Warm with the glow of Virtue's holy flame,  
Had mark'd,—had felt the Captive's pious deeds,  
Which wrought his present woe. That statesman sage  
From dark concealment soon, applauding, call'd  
The fearful fugitive.

## To home restor'd,---

To wife and son belov'd---at hallow'd feast  
Of Pentecost, when glad carousals cheer'd      105  
Judea's children, the gay festive board,  
At Tobit's bidding, laughing Plenty crown'd.  
Yet, ere the scantiest morsel to his lips  
Uplifting, thus he spake his duteous son :  
“ Lo ! He who Good dispenses, bounteous here      110  
“ Hath shower'd his blessings---more abundant far  
“ Than claims our need. Go, seek the famish'd Poor,  
“ Our exil'd fellows ; who, tho' goaded much  
“ By keen-fang'd Hunger, ne'er, despondent, raise  
“ Against Jehovah an accusing eye.      115

" Seek, and them hither bring ; that they God's gifts  
" Welcome may share."

Sweet to the tender breast  
Is Pity's duty. What will not the Good  
Gladly forego, Want's victims to relieve ?  
---On lightest foot, and quicken'd by a heart      120  
More warm than spring---Tobias hied away ;  
Nor tarried long in absence.---But the course  
How short from Joy to Sorrow ! Soon his path  
Was thwarted by a pallid corse, deep gash'd,  
And all-distain'd with gore ! one of his tribe,--- 125  
His hapless tribe---murder'd ! — The tidings sad,  
Much griev'd, heard gentle Tobit ; who his house,  
Where smok'd the festive board, with anxious speed  
Relinquish'd, and the mangled stranger bore  
To safe concealment, till that secret hour      130  
When sleep reigns softly o'er a weary world.  
This done, ablutions purified his frame  
From mortal taint. Then to the waiting feast  
Dejected he return'd,---the loathed food

Bathing with tears ; while, agoniz'd, his mind 135  
Whisper'd the prophet's well-remember'd strain :  
“ The feasts of guilty Juda shall be turn'd  
“ To bitter fastings, and their mirthful songs  
“ To Lamentation's heart-afflicting cries.” \*

Deep pondering thus he sate, till friendly Night 140  
Her dewy mantle o'er the face of things  
Threw darkling. Fearless then of prying Hate,  
He, to the grave his pious hand had delv'd,  
Convey'd the murder'd. But Malignity  
Who can escape, when, vigilant to harm, 145  
It marks the Good for vengeance ? Him a spy  
Vindictive thus assail'd : “ Lo ! this the man  
“ Who, to outstrip swift-footed Justice, far  
“ Fled, and whom Mercy lenient late recall'd.  
“ Yet, irreclaimable by grace, behold, 150

\* Amos viii. 10.

“ Again the rebel dares our Prince’s ire  
“ With like transgression : Lenity misus’d  
“ On those vile aliens of Judæan race.”

But Tobit sacred Duty’s onward path  
Dauntless pursued ; and, decent in the grave 155  
Dispos’d the blood-stain’d corse. Then, sighing deep,  
With solemn step and slow, his outer court  
He sought : forbearing to rejoin his friends,  
Till the decreed ablutions should again  
Cleanse from the tainting touch of grisly Death. 160  
There, sorrowing, he, beneath the beetling walls  
Of his rude dome, repos’d his weary limbs ;  
The night-dews on his naked head the while  
Fast falling, cold. Yet he, with pious eye,  
Gaz’d on the starry canopy sublime : 165  
Long time he gaz’d ; and when the morning pour’d  
Its renovated splendours o’er the east,—  
To him, alas ! those splendours shone in vain.

Darkness had shed her thick and filmy scales,  
His orbs eclipsing.

Helpless now and blind,--- 170

The relics of his former affluence gone,---

No soothing stay,---no tutelary friend

Had he, save one,—the partner of his soul,

Whom heav'n assign'd him, sharer of his lot,—

His faithful Anna. Unrepining, she 175

A seamstress' task discharg'd, and daily food

Earn'd thrifful.—But, ah! what is human aid

To him whose head is whelm'd in misery?

Vainly does Friendship's sympathetic tear

Embalm the pang of Grief, if from above 180

Descend not Consolation. That to win,

These orisons, to Him who gracious hears

The sigh of Faith, all-reverent, Tobit pour'd:

“ O Thou! whose works thine attributes declare,--

“ Justice, and Mercy, and Eternal Truth,--- 185

“ Remember me, and with compassionate eye

" My sins regard ! nor mine alone, but those  
" Of my fore-fathers,---noted in thy book,  
" A num'rous train ! For we thy dread commands,  
" Mid trembling Sinäj's thunders loud promulg'd, 190  
" Have, impious, disobey'd. Hence, outcasts vile,  
" Are we dispers'd among the nations round,  
" To Scorn expos'd, Captivity, and Death:---  
" Death, the Unhappy's friend ; in whose kind arms  
" Affliction sleeps in peace, and where the rage 195  
" Of rancorous Malice aims its shafts in vain.  
" Thither, Oh ! thither lead me, and mine eyes,  
" Sightless and dark, seal in the kindred tomb !  
" While, proudly buoyant o'er a wretched world,  
" My liberated soul to realms of peace, 200  
" Where happy spirits wander, rapt may fly."

He ceas'd. Then thoughtful of what ills betide  
The lonely Widow, onward glanc'd his view  
Into futurity ; when, shou'd his pray'r [205  
Be heard, his faithful wife might need a Friend.---

To make his Son that Friend---with melting speech  
Him thus he fondly counsell'd: " Hear, my Son,  
A Father's words affectionate: Oh, hear,  
And lay them, duteous, in thy inmost soul. —  
When I am dead, my care-worn limbs convey 210  
To decent burial; and my widow'd wife,  
Thy tender Mother, venerate, and cheer  
Her lot forlorn. One cruel pang from thee  
Let her ne'er feel. Remember, ere the light [215  
Of heav'n thou saw'st---when thou wert in her womb--  
What countles, nameless ills for thee she bore:  
And since thy natal hour, what anxious cares,  
What deeds of tenderness---innum'rous too.  
These, O my Son! remember. And when Death  
Smites her fair form, fast by my mould'ring bones 220  
Her dear-lov'd relics lay,---one grave our bed;  
One verdant sod our mingling wedded dust  
Soft covering. This last filial office done,  
Daily bow down before th' Eternal's throne;  
And, His behests regarding, far aloof 225

From sordid sin, in the plain open path  
Of uprightness, do thou thy steady course  
Onward pursue; and may exhaustless streams  
Of Good flow round thee, while the cherub Peace  
Sits smiling at thy door.—Thyself thus bless'd, 230  
When Poverty with haggard look implores  
Thy succouring dole, with cold averted eye  
Mock not its misery: and, in Need's dark hour,  
The face of God, effulgent, from thy suit  
Shall ne'er be turn'd, leaving thy troubled soul 235  
In perilous gloom,—as when opposing spheres  
Eclipse the Sun's resplendent orb—with dread  
Filling the nations.

“ As by God enrich'd,  
Accordant give. If his all-bounteous hand  
Strew plenty round thee, plenteously impart. 240  
If scant thy means, and those severely earn'd,  
Still, fearless of contemned Penury,  
E'en of thy little All some portion spare.  
For alms, the offering of a liberal mind

To suffering Want; that mind will kindly cheer, 245  
Shou'd the rude hand of stern Necessity  
Assail its peace -- Jehovah's smile divine  
Its hopes sustaining.

“ Nor to God and man

Alone be each appropriate duty paid;  
But reverence too thyself, and timely curb 250  
The fiery passions; which, within thy breast,  
Will rise and mutiny 'gainst Virtue's law.  
The blushless harlot's prostituted charms,  
Disgusted, flee. Yet Female Loveliness,  
By Modesty's retiring grace adorn'd, 255  
Courteous admire; and one such pleasing Form  
Secure thine own, by Wedlock's holy bond;---  
One of thy tribe, and whose resembling Faith,  
Resembling Sentiment of heart and will  
May in each breast inspire.

“ In all thy deeds 260

Observe strict justice; e'en to those who toil  
Beneath thy roof, or in thy sultry field

For daily hire. This duly pay, when eve  
Closes their labour, and sweet respite grants  
To worldly care, prelusive of repose. 265

“ In all thy words let Prudence dictate speech :  
And let no act escape thee, which thy heart  
Holds base, and which, if by another done,---  
Would harm or grieve thee. In thy festal hours  
Let not Excess dethrone that guardian-pow’r 270  
Within thee station’d by benignant Heav’n,  
To steer thee safe amid the rocks and shoals  
Of perilous life. Ask counsel of the wise,  
And ponder well their speech : yet profitless  
No counsel deem that points to general good. 275  
But know, my son, that solely from above  
Descends unclouded Wisdom. Thence deriv’d,  
It shines a lamp divine, and safely guides  
Mortals to prosp’rous issues ; while around  
Rich blessings flow amid life’s varied scenes, 280  
In tides abundant,---free as from the fount

Of heav'n's own light : yet not alike to all  
Flowing beneficent ; but from the sons  
Of Belial sole withheld, who walk in sin.

“ Oh, then, bethink thee of a father's words ; 285  
And by their guidance shape thy future way.  
That thou art poor repine not. Amplest wealth  
Is their's who win the favouring smile of heav'n  
By holy deeds. But thou art not devoid  
Of earthly gold, if worth the seeking deem'd : 290  
Talents twice five, committed long time since  
To one I love, who bears a brother's name,  
Where Rages' vallies bloom in lasting spring.  
Gabael that name : behold his written pledge :  
Which, ere the grave enclose me, thou shalt bear 295  
To his far-distant home, and, at his hand  
The entrusted sum receive.”

Tobias thus :

“ O Sire belov'd ! within my duteous breast

Thy valued counsels shall, while Memory lives,  
 Be fondly treasur'd. But the far abode      300  
 Of Gabael, how can my untravell'd feet  
 E'er find?"---To whom the father : "Seek, my son,  
 A trusty swain, who thee in Safety's path  
 May thither guide; and to these circling arms  
 In safety soon again restore my boy.      305  
 ---Go; and thy search be happy."

## Swift as flies

The winged arrow, hied the obedient son,  
 At his lov'd father's bidding, and soon found  
 A seemly stranger, ruddy as the morn,  
 And graceful as the first of men, ere sin      310  
 Blasted creation. Courteous him address'd  
 Tobias, and in artless accents told  
 His need and purpose. "I thy youthful steps  
 Faithful will guide," rejoind the stranger-swain;  
 "For whom thou seek'st full well I know, and where      315  
 Rises his mansion in the Median plains."

He ceas'd : when, joying to have sped so soon,  
Tobias, him embracing, thus exclaim'd :  
“ Lo ! yonder, generous swain, my lowly home,  
Where 'bide my parents ; who, thy goodness told, 320  
Will gladly greet thee.”---Thither, nothing loth,  
Repair'd the comely stranger ; when thus spake  
The sightless sire : “ Thy proffer'd service, youth,  
My thanks demands. But, ere thy zeal we trust,  
Thy tribe reveal, and what thy stock and name. 325  
Approving these, our son, our only pledge  
Of love connubial, to thy faithful charge  
Straight we commit : and, him restoring safe,  
An ample meed awaits thee.”----He who seem'd  
A mortal youth of most ingenuous mien--- 330  
But who beneath that earthly semblance hid  
A nature heavenly---thus, with accent bland,  
Yet brief, as suiting dignity, replied :  
“ My name is Azarias ;\* and, my tribe

\* The angel Raphael being sent by God in the form and appearance of a young man, was therefore to act and speak in that capacity : nor was it inconsistent for him to assume the name of

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And kindred stock declar'd, no harsh mistrust      335  
 Of me will reign within thee. Know then, sir,  
 Great Ananias boast I in the train  
 Of my fore-fathers : and if aught of good  
 Amid thy brethren lives---a brother, lo !  
 Now stands before thee." "Pardon," Tobit said, 340  
 "My wary speech, prompted by tenderest love  
 Of this our son. Thrice welcome to the roof  
 Of a poor blind old persecuted man,  
 Who truth and goodness kens not,---rarely met  
 In this false world by sharpest-sighted wight :      345  
 No marvel he, to whom that world---all dark---  
 Seems but a spacious tomb, in judging errs.  
 Again I sue thy pardon,---and again  
 Most cordial welcome give thee, gentle youth !  
 Descendant of a race for noble deeds      350  
 Far-famed ! Him boasted I my Friend,

*Azarias*, which signifies *God's Help or Assistance*; since he was commissioned to be an assistant and guide to Tobias in his journey; and therefore very properly concealed his angelic nature, that he might more conveniently execute such commission.

Whom “Ananias Great” thou truly nam’st.  
Together, once, to Salem’s holy fane  
We journied happy,---holding converse sweet  
Of Him in whose dread Presence, prostrate low 355  
We willing bow’d,---prime-fruits of fold and field  
Presenting. Faithful, mid a faithless tribe,  
Was found thy sire, great Samäia’s son.  
He worthy such a father,---worthy thou,  
I nothing doubt, such high progenitors. 360  
---Gladly, the guide and guardian of my boy,  
Far hence I send thee, and no boding fear  
Harbour of his safe travel and return.  
---Go then, and may the pilgrim’s God and Friend  
Prosper your Way, and send his angel down 365  
To shield you from each danger !”

On they went,

Meet salutation done,---and, by their side,  
Tobias’ dog---a social, faithful friend---  
Bounded for joy.

Far other passion sway’d

His doating Mother. In deep thought absorb'd, 370  
Silent awhile she fate,---then mournful said :  
“ O husband ! why, on dangerous errand bent,  
Hast thou my son sent from me ? He, the staff  
Of our old age,---the solace of our days,  
Is gone ! and never, never more, perchance 375  
Will glad our home again !---Say, what is Life  
Without him ? and how valueless the sum,  
Compar'd with his well-being, which, expos'd  
To distant peril, he is doom'd to seek ?  
Enough of earthly substance yet is ours, 380  
Us to sustain, and from the frowns of Want  
To shield our son, when in the peaceful grave  
Mould'ring we lie. Oh ! wherefore then, as drofs  
Didst thou not deem all Ophir's gold besides,---  
Our only child in safety ? Lust of more 385  
Has plung'd him into danger : and if Ill  
Betide him, Sorrow shall our hoary hairs  
Bow rudely to the dust.”

To whom her mate :

“ Mourn not, my Love ! and leave each anxious care  
To those who know not God. Our darling boy 390  
Again shall soon return. An angel-guide  
That God will send to shield him with its wing,  
When danger threatens, and supremely bles<sup>s</sup>  
His far-off journey.”——As fresh show’rs, distill’d  
At summer-noon on some fair fainting flow’r, 395  
This tender speech shed comfort on the heart  
Of gentle Anna, by rude grief surcharg’d.  
The gushing tear that trembled in her eye,  
Stood glistening while he spake ; yet, like a drop  
Of pearly dew that trembles on the thorn, 400  
Till the bright sun dissolve it with his ray,  
That tear fell not : for Consolation’s balm,  
Soft as a Seraph’s voice, sooth’d her to peace.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

## ARGUMENT OR THE SECOND PART.



*A brief description of the country through which the young travellers pass on the first day of their journey, when they reach the river Tigris; on whose banks they repose. In the morning, before they renew their journey, Tobias bathes in the Tigris, and is attacked by a river-monster, which is conquered and dragged to shore. Important uses for which certain portions of the monster are reserved. The two travellers pursue their journey; during which Azarias tells his young friend that the evening will bring them to the residence of Raguel, a cousin of Tobias, who has an only daughter of uncommon worth and beauty, whom he promises to gain for him in marriage. Tobias' fears on this subject,—the damsel having already had seven husbands, who were successively slain by a demon, on the first night of their nuptials. These fears combated and removed by Azarias, in a conversation that chiefly occupies their attention till they come within view of Ecbatanè, the residence of Raguel. A description of that celebrated city, and of Raguel's abode. His cordial reception of the young travellers---is struck with the resemblance of Tobias to his father. Interrogatories and their answers. The travellers' visit celebrated by a feast. The mutual affection of Tobias and Sara. The former requests Azarias to prefer his suit to Raguel---who assents to, but strongly dissuades from, their nuptials, on the same grounds which had previously awakened the fears of Tobias. The determination of Tobias, and the conduct of Sara on the occasion. Their nuptials. The precautionary means of Tobias to defeat the deadly purpose of the Demon, who makes his attack, and is discomfited. The Demon described. A hymn of thanksgiving by the wedded pair. The dreadful apprehensions of Raguel and Edna removed. Their thank-offerings on the occasion, who order the nuptials to be celebrated for the space of fourteen days.*

# TOBIAS,

A

## SACRED POEM.

---

PART THE SECOND.

---

SWEET are the wanderings of the Good, where rise  
Around them, numberless, Creation's charms,  
Declaring His beneficence and power  
Who spake them into being,—hills and dales,  
With verdure and umbrageous trees adorn'd,--- 5  
Forest, or lesser wood, or lonely wild;  
Scenes rudely-grand, untrick'd by mimic art,  
Where Nature's charter'd tribes roam unconfin'd:---  
Along such scenes, delighted, pass'd the swains  
Whose path we trace. Unwearied hied they on 10  
Till Evening's silver Star the front of heaven

D

He said, and vaulted from the verdant brink,  
Breaking the watery mirror; whose light spray  
Fled far and wide in shining drops around.

Scarce to the rippled surface had uprose  
His buoyant silvery form, when, lo! that form 50  
A huge and scaly monster fierce assail'd.  
Ejecting from his nostrils fiery foam,  
With jaws unfolded wide, he onward roll'd  
Tremendous. Him Tobias' watchful dog,  
Espied, and, faithful, to his master swam, 55  
Keeping courageous the dire foe at bay;  
While Azarias bade him guard his life,  
Yet scorn base fear. The monster then he seiz'd,  
And dragg'd him captive to the sandy shore. 60  
This done, his trusty dog with ready zeal  
Assisting, "Now," th' angelic Friend exclaim'd,  
"His liver, bitter gall, and panting heart,  
Pluck from his steamy breast. In safety these,

For after-purpose, sedulous dispose : 65

And what is needful for our morn's repast  
From his vast carcase sever.—Lo ! a fire  
Awaits the viand. Due refreshment ours,  
The onward path invites us ; and what time  
Yon orb, just rising, giant-like, to run 70  
His daily course, shall reach his western goal,  
Our way-worn feet a grateful pause shall find  
From travel, in the abode of Raguël.

Thy kinsman he, for wealth and worth far-fam'd :  
Whose daughter--offspring sole of Wedded Love, 75  
As thou of thy fond parents---for bright charms  
Boasts equal fame. Thine shall the damsel be :  
And, her beholding, thou wilt none more fair  
E'er wish to view.—Yet not for charms alone,---  
The transient charms of Beauty, blooming soon 80  
And soon declining, like the short-liv'd flow'r,  
Is Sara the sweet theme of many a tongue :  
Virtue, more lovely in so fair a form,\*

\* Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.

VIRG.

Shines in her ev'ry deed, as mildly shines  
With living lustre ev'ry star that gems 85  
Th' unclouded face of heav'n---By law divine,---  
A law that points to kindred rights, her Sire  
Must willing yield her unreluctant hand  
To thee, soliciting the lovely Prize."

--To whom Tobias--" Tho' ten thousand tongues 90  
Grew wanton in the praise of Sara's form,---  
Her mental charms, and excellencies bright---  
How rash were I to wish the Fair One mine !  
Since Death must pay the purchase. For if Fame  
Truly report, to sev'n young suitor-swains 95  
Have her soft vows been plighted. But, dread tale !  
Ere gain'd, with trembling haste, the nuptial couch  
One of those swains, some Demon foul that burns  
With flame unhallow'd for the lovely maid,  
And vents in hellish hate his jealous ire, 100  
Lifeless has laid each rival. — Say, Oh say,  
Wherefore shou'd I his horrid vengeance share,  
And, by my death untimely, hurry down  
My being's aged authors to the grave ?"

Then Azarias thus : " Like idle wind, 105  
Have thy sage Father's counsels pass'd away,---  
Counsels, to me unbosom'd by thy tongue,  
When yesternoon, while in the breezy shade,  
From sultry heat retir'd, we press'd a bank  
Broider'd with flow'rs, which the translucent stream 110  
Kiss'd as most musically sweet it flow'd ?  
Then, with a brother's frankness, didst thou say,  
" Thus spake my Father : *Female Loveliness,*  
*By Modesty's retiring grace adorn'd,*  
*Courteous admire : and one such pleasing Form* 115  
*Secure thine own, by Wedlock's holy bond ;*  
*One of thy tribe, and whose resembling Faith*  
*Resembling Sentiment of heart and will*  
*May in each breast inspire.\*---Of every harm*  
Be reckless, then, from demon or from man. 120  
With winning speech---yet true---address the maid,  
Whose voice is music, and whose smile is love ;  
And unaverted to thy tender suit

\* See page 15.

Shall be her ear. Nor acquiescence kind,  
From lips parental shall thy purpose need.      125

Thus, thine, the lovely dams<sup>e</sup>l---Tobit, list  
To these instructious for thy tenderest weal:  
—Soon as soft twilight steals o'er ev'ry plain,  
And the pale vesper-star shall rise to light  
Thee to the bridal chamber, perfumes take,      130

Nard, and Seb<sup>e</sup>an gum---in censer meet,  
Which shall, when touch'd with living fire, diffuse  
A vapoury cloud of odours. Instant add  
The liver and the heart thou hast in store,  
Late pluck'd from thy assailant in the stream      135

Of rapid Tigris,---and from scent of these,  
Aloof the Spirit-Fiend will wing his way,  
Malign and dire,---but pow'rless thee to harm.  
And oh withhold not at that awful hour,  
The sweeter incense (orient from the soul      140

To Him whose mercy saves) of pray'r and praise.  
By thee and thy fair bride be duly paid  
This mutual offering, and propitious Heav'n

Shall bless your union with full tides of joy,  
And blooming progeny, the fruits of love.—” 145

Such converse cheer'd them on their lengthen'd way,  
Till, to their view, Ecbatanè's proud walls  
Rose stately ; walls præeminently grand.  
High on a hill, majestic and sublime,  
They towering stood,---Dejoces' royal work, 150  
Encircling temples, palaces, and domes  
With sev'n-fold strength, stupendous ; sev'n the hues  
Which crown'd their lofty battlements. The first  
Was white as Parian stone ; the second black  
As raven's plume ; the third empurpled rich 155  
As throne imperial ; azure beam'd the fourth,  
Bright as the cloudless skies ; the fifth afar  
Glow'd like an orange grove with mellow fruit  
Thickly instinct ; the sixth all-glorious shone  
With burnish'd silver, glistening in the rays 160  
Of day's declining orb ; the seventh, of gold,  
Blaz'd with resplendent glory. This enshrin'd

The monarch's gorgeous mansion, stretching wide  
 Sev'n furlongs,---rear'd with art superlative.  
 Of molten silver were its transverse beams,      165  
 Or cedar wrought with gold.\*---Wonder, awhile,  
 Tobias held ecstatic: nor refrain'd  
 From rapturous namings his angelic guide,

\* According to Herodotus, the city of Ecbatane was built by Dejoces, the first king of the Medes: but that author is not accurate in ascribing the honour of its *total* erection to him. His son Phraortes finished and adorned it with such exquisite grandeur, as to excite the wonder and admiration of all who saw it. It was situated on a spacious eminence; and into it Dejoces convened the whole nation of the Medes, who, aforetime dwelt in caves and miserable huts. What a contrast must such a people have experienced! once dispersed over the face of the whole country, almost in a state of wild uncultivated nature: then brought to inhabit one of the grandest cities in the world!---Polybius informs us (lib. x.) that it was encompassed with seven walls at equi-distances from each other. The outermost was on the lowest ground, and equal in circumference to that of Athens, i. e. one hundred and seventy-eight furlongs. The rest rose gradually, overtopping each other. Their battlements were of different colours. The first white; the second black; the third red; the fourth blue; the fifth orange; the sixth silver; and the seventh gold. For which reason, Bochart observes, this city was called by the ancients, *Agbata*, signifying, in the Arabian language, *something of different Colours*. The Royal Palace and Treasury, (the former of which was seven furlongs round) stood within the seventh wall. In the Royal abode were displayed all the skill of the architect, and all the magnificence of the Monarch. Some of its beams are said to have been of massive silver, and some of finely-wrought cedar, inlaid with gold.----See Polybius, lib. x. Calmet's Com. and Dict. Wells's Geography of the Old Testament, v. iii. Stackhouse v. ii.

Who human seem'd, and ne'er on earth beheld  
Aught more exciting marvel. What in heav'n, 170  
Or grand or fair remember'd, our dull sense,  
While clogg'd with mortal clay, cou'd not conceive,  
Had he those scenes pourtray'd.--Onward they paced,  
Still gazing; nor had admiration ceas'd  
When Raguel's modest mansion met their view. 175  
Embosom'd in a dell, serene it rose,  
Cloth'd with a mantling vine, whose purple fruit  
Hung clustering; and, high o'er the simple roof,  
Wav'd with the playful breeze a stately palm.  
Vagrant, amid od'riferous shrubs and flow'rs, 180  
Flow'd waters clear as crystal, gushing forth  
From fount of marble, and a silvery course  
Stole down the vallies. On the margin stray'd,  
Attir'd in neatness, Sara, and the pair  
Who gave her beauties to th' admiring eye. 185  
Slowly, as suiting Age, that pair mov'd on,  
Surveying, happy, the delightsome scene  
Where God had placed them,---stor'd with ev'ry good

The roving eyc to please, or warm the heart :  
Flow'rs of all scent and hue, and pendent fruits 190  
Nectareous,---open lawns, and bowering shades.  
These---praise awaken'd and complacent thought  
In Sara's parents, as they onward walk'd,---  
Regarding her the loveliest flow'r that graced  
Their rural garden ; whom they, blessing, pass'd: 195  
While, all-contemplative, the purfled sky,  
Rich with the splendours of day's setting orb,  
She stood admiring,---Him admiring most,  
Who form'd what was so glorious. On her cheek  
The blush of evening shone---a needleſt charm: 200  
For Nature there its softest roses ſtrew'd  
Mid virgin lilies, delicately ſtreak'd  
With violets' living purple. O'er her brow,  
Placid as summer-lake, when sleeps the breeze,  
Locks, bright as gold, in wavy lightness play'd, 205  
Shading her eyes' mild lustre, and adown  
Shoulders more white than snow, in ſpiral wreaths  
Flow'd lovely. Rang'd in even rows, her teeth,

Like flocks fresh shorn, disparted were in praise ;  
And, ever and anon; while, whispering low, 210  
She converse held with heav'n, as pearls they shone,  
Encas'd in lips of ruby, where fate sweet  
An angel's smile, bespeaking inward peace.

Now, all-delighted with the sober charms  
Of even-tide, the stranger-guests drew nigh. 215  
Them first, with blandest greeting, Sara hail'd,  
Gracious ; next cordial welcome Raguel gave.  
Then softly to his gentle mate, whose arm  
Was lock'd in his, said " Edna ! mark the face,  
Each line and feature of the younger swain ; 220  
And these will Tobit to thy reading eye  
Instant recal. That kinsman much belov'd,  
Long sever'd from us by misfortune's hand,  
How closely in demeanour, form, and speech  
Does this same youth resemble !----Tell me, Sirs, 225  
Whence come ye ? and to whom in kindred bonds  
Are ye allied ?" ——" From Nineveh our feet

Have hither journied, and to Rages' plains  
Purpose advancing, when refresh'd from toil."

" From Nineveh?" impatient, Raguel cried : 230

" *There* dwells, I ween, a relative these arms  
Long to embrace, and whom my glowing heart  
Wou'd gladly welcome. Tobit, Sirs, his name,  
If, in that impious city, Worth ye know,  
On your minds' tablet doubtless is impress'd 235  
That Name rever'd.---Of one I love so well  
What tidings can my gentle guests impart?"

" He lives," Tobias said, " and him I boast  
My Father."---Raguel bounded at the news,  
Enraptur'd; while, adown his manly cheek 240  
Tears, from the source of Pleasure welling, flow'd.  
Affectionate the blooming youth he kiss'd,  
And on his head from holy Heav'n implor'd  
A solemn benediction; then address'd  
Him thus; " Thou ow'st thy being to a Sire 245  
For Honesty and pious Worth renown'd.

Mayst thou in these resemble, as thou dost  
In *form* thy Father ! tho' that form, I ween  
Is chang'd, as mine is, since, in youthful sports  
And pious duties we together join'd.                   250  
---Say, has all-varying Time with iron hand  
Wrinkled his ruddy cheek,---his jetty locks  
Made hoary,---or his brightly-beaming eye  
Robb'd of its lustre ?"---"*There*, my gen'rous Friend,  
Thy kind enquiring tongue has 'woke a string   255  
Which vibrates to my heart. That lustrous eye,  
Which spake intelligence and beam'd with truth,  
Is quench'd, alas ! for ever. Yet tho' dark  
The rugged path he traverses thro' life,  
I Heav'n's favouring sunshine with perennial light   260  
Visits his foul, and all is radiance there."

Far other tears than those he recent shed,  
Now wash'd the cheek of Raguel. Edna too  
Wept, pitying ; while, on Sara's vermil cheek,  
The bright drops hung,---reluctant to forego   265

Their charming station---On the new-blown Rose,  
That blushes as it meets the eye of day,  
Thus shines morn's pearly dew. These beauteous signs  
Of Tenderness---admiring, mark'd the swain,  
Whose tale of sorrow mov'd her; and whene'er 270  
Their glances met, a kindred passion beam'd  
From either's thrilling heart.

Now festal rights,  
Tokens of cordial welcome, were prepar'd---  
Pride of the flock, a lordly ram---whose brow  
With spiral horns was crown'd---his life-blood pour'd,  
To deck the lib'ral table. O'er each face [275]  
Hilarity diffus'd its brightest smile,  
And ev'ry heart was glad: nor least the heart  
Of Sara and Tobias; for the pair  
Heart seem'd to have but one.--Soon spake the youth  
To Azarias thus: "Good Raguel's ear [280]  
Win to the pleasing theme that sway'd thy tongue,  
When, hither journeying, thou didst Sara's charms  
Pourtray so truly. Truly? No, ah no!

To paint her charms,---her virtues still more fair, 285  
Seraphic speech were needed." *as she did intend and*

Fleet the act  
Of ardent friendship. Raguel's ready ear  
Soon heard, well-pleas'd---yet not without alloy  
Of fearful apprehension---the fond wish.  
Disguise disdaining, he the suitor-swain 290  
Address'd thus courteous : " Kinsman, that by right  
Of Law Divine,\* my daughter thou may'st claim,  
I know full well ; and, to confirm thy choice,  
To me were bliss. Yet, oh ! beware, beware, [295  
How thou such claim prefer'st.---What pow'r malign  
The damsel's nuptial destiny pursues,  
To me is mystery : but let thine heart,  
Ere headstrong Passion mock cold Reason's sway,  
Learn caution, and forbear to nurse a flame  
Within thy bosom, that, to Death's dark shades 300  
May premature devote thee.---Hear, then, Youth !

\* Numb. xxxvi. 6.

What will astound thee,---tho' my tongue revolt  
The horrid tale to tell.---Sev'n comely swains,  
In holiest bonds connubial, have their faith  
With Sara plighted. He who first her hand      305  
In wedlock won, dreamt not of ill; when, lo!  
Ere pillow'd he by her's his glowing cheek,  
Some fiend infernal, borne on wings of fire,  
Stretch'd him a blasted corse!---By Fear uncheck'd,  
Another, and another graceful youth,---      310  
Nay, three twice told---my darling daughter's hand,  
By fond devotedness of gentle suit,  
Sought earnest,---and her primal Lover's fate  
Was their's!---Ere tasted one of nuptial bliss,  
With direst fury arm'd, the damned fiend      315  
Each husband slew! And what, Tobias, say,  
Hast thou to shield thee from their frightful doom?---  
Nor will thy death be single. To the grave  
Will loss of thee the doating pair consign  
Who gave thee life: nor wou'd my heart escape, 320  
Nor Edna's, no, nor her's (the guiltless cause)

The blow severe which loss of thee would deal,

---Abandon then thy suit; not unoppos'd

For thy well-being,---thwarting my warm wish

Thus to control thee."

" All," Tobias said, 325

" All that thy warnful lips have trembling told

Brings to mine ear no marvel; since *before*,

Each tragic circumstance had posting Fame

To Nineveh convey'd; and much for thee,

For Edna much, and yonder gentle Maid, 330

Was my young bosom wounded. What I deem'd

An Evil *then*, methinks All-righteous Heav'n

Ordain'd my greatest Good. Without the Maid,

Death were preferr'd to Life; and, with her, Life,

Were bliss. Yet Death---tho' Terror point his dart,

And tho' the fellest imp of envious hell

[335]

Wing him to view---untrembling will I dare

For Sara's sake.---Then let me meet my doom:

Nor will that doom, if pious Trust in Heav'n

Avail its children aught, be Misery."

340

"Take her," the hoary sire then weeping said,  
"And be thy Trust rewarded! Hither bring  
The Maid thou lov'st, and whose requiting Love  
Thou sure deserv'st so well.---"

He went, and soon  
Into her father's presence, nothing loth, 345  
Led the lov'd Fair; who, guessing wherefore brought,  
Look'd like a flow'r which turns from Zephyr's kiss,  
Yet siniles. To whom her Sire: "My duteous Child!  
Thy gentle Cousin sues thy soft regard:  
Mine he has won; and if Discernment's light 350  
Aid but those eyes, which now in modest guise  
Earthward are bent, they will his merits scan."  
---She look'd approvance; while---her hand in his---  
He drew her, softly yielding, to the swain:  
Then thus---"Tobias, as our sacred Law 355  
Fitly ordains, this unreluctant Maid  
Is hence thy wife: and may th' Almighty's arm  
Protect and bless you!"---Straight the forms prescrib'd  
Were duly wrought, and nuptial merriment

Thro' all the mansion reign'd. — — —

— — — — Now o'er the verge 360

Of heav'n's blue vault the Star of Evening rose:

When Edna and her Daughter mingled tears

Of sweet endearment. Longer had they wept,

But chiding Night forbade them. "Go, my Child,

Sigh'd her maternal Guide and tenderest Friend, 365

---Go, and the Eye of Him who guards the Good

Beam constant on thee!"

With sustaining Hope,---

Hope, fraught of Virtue and high Trust in heav'n,

On, to the bridal chamber, soon repair'd

The happy Husband. Mindless not, he went 370

Of Azarias' counsel: but, unquench'd,

Embers, consuming incense rich, he bore

In silver censer; whence breath'd all around

Delicious redolence. On these he flung

The river-monster's liver and his heart,--

Kept, as enjoin'd him by his angel-guide

Thus arm'd, he fearless enter'd : when, behold,  
The mansion to its firm foundations deep,  
Trembled ! and thro' the apartment roll'd a cloud  
Convolv'd and dark ; at intervals, whence shot 380  
A fork'd and livid flame athwart the gloom :  
But shape he saw' not,---and intrepid wav'd  
The smoking perfumes ; while his lips effus'd  
Far sweeter incense to the Eternal's throne.

---Then, visible, eruptive from the cloud, 385  
And yelling in discomfiture---away,  
Borne on a whirlwind's wing, mid sulph'rous fire---  
The hideous Demon flew. Of Hell's black realms  
The grimdest Demon he, when uninflam'd  
By blasting ire: but now---when vengeful Hate 390  
And dark Despair his furious passions rous'd,  
Thrice tenfold Horrors cloth'd his monstrous form.  
Protruded far, his gorgon-eye shot forth  
Lightning ! and from his fire-ejecting mouth  
Roll'd vollied Thunder---rocking Earth's huge globe.  
Uplifted by some Pow'r unseen, whose force, [395]

Almighty, made him as a vessel seem  
Toss'd by the storm--on outstretch'd plumes he rose,  
The affrighted Moon eclipsing ! [400]

All-appal'd,

Good Raguel left his sleepless couch in tears,  
And dug the young man's grave. Meanwhile the Pair,  
Mindful of Him who sav'd them, lowly bow'd;

And chanted thus their praises : "Thou, O God! ---  
Our Fathers' God and ours, art merciful!  
And blessed, ever blessed, be thy Name,  
Thy Name, most holy ! Let celestial ghosts, [405]  
And ev'ry creature on the teeming earth  
Praise Thee, O worthy to receive all praise !  
The praise most due before Thy throne now pour'd  
By us, late shielded from the Pow'rs of Hell,

Vanquish'd and routed by Thy Saving Arm : [410]  
Without that Arm---our means to save--how vain !"

Then Sara paus'd, her tears to wipe away,---  
The tears of pious rapture, while the strain

Tobias' manly tongue thus sole prolong'd :

" All Gracious ! Infinite in Pow'r and Love ! " 415

Thou mad'st our gen'ral fire, and gav'st him Eve,

An helpmate and a stay ; for Thou declar'st

" It is not good that man shou'd be alone : " 416

Let Us a creature of resembling form,

But softer graces, fashion for his aid." 420

--" Benignant wert Thou in Thy ev'ry gift,--

Benignant most in this,--in this Thy last,

Yet fairest. As, my God ! is Thy high will,

Impell'd by pure affection---not by lust

That marks the bestial race---thy loveliest Work 425

Thus fram'd for wond'ring man, I grateful take.

And, oh ! decree in mercy that, to years

Of hoary age, together we may tread

Life's path in peace ; together constant praise

Thy Goodness Infinite by holy deeds !" 430

— He ceas'd : and Sara, with responding soul,

Pronounc'd " Amen ! " — — — —

Eastward to Raguel's dome

Stood, Ararat ! thy mount, (where rested sure  
That saving Ark, whose multifarious freight  
Was chosen pair of every living thing,      435  
All-buoyant sailing o'er a perish'd world,  
Deep sunk in billowy waters as in sin) \*  
Around whose summit now, in roseate smiles,  
Morn's virgin blush expanded, and, unshorn  
By mist or cloud, the beamy Day-Star rose.    440  
Yet rose not from their soft connubial bed  
The wedded Pair. Alarm still liv'd,  
And agoniz'd their father. Thus he spake  
To her who shar'd his grief: " My Edna, send  
The handmaid of thy household most discreet    445  
In act and speech, to where our boding fears  
Tell us reposes in the arms of death  
Our Son belov'd :---send instant, ere the world  
Call forth its busy myriads ; that his corse

\* The learned and indefatigable Stackhouse places Ecbatana immediately under Mount Ararat, on whose summit, when the waters of the deluge began to subside, the ark rested.

The ready grave may in its yawning womb      450  
Secret receive, and to Oblivion's gulph  
Him and his fate confign."

With timid step,  
On fearful errand bent, the damsel sought  
The bridal chamber. Silence' wakeful ear  
Her treadings heard not; which, as flaky snow      455  
Noiseless descends, light touch'd the velvet floor.  
---Awe-shook she enter'd: when--how swift the flight  
Of spectrous Fear!--rejoiced, she instant saw,  
In either's arms enfolded, the blest'd Pair  
In balmy sleep reposing.---Her return      460  
The expectant Parents hail'd: but, oh what tongue  
Their rapture e'er can paint, when on her face  
Joy's dimpling smile they saw, ere speech declar'd  
Their children happy?---Forth from Raguel's lips  
(And Edna's heart accordant join'd the strain)      465  
Thus Praise spontaneous burst---" Almighty Sire!  
From saints and seraphim, in choirs above,  
Worthy art Thou of pure and holy praise,  
And from all earthly creatures. Meet from me,

Most meet, as from an altar high surcharg'd. 470  
With costliest gifts, shou'd hallow'd incense rise.  
For, from thy servant's dwelling, lo ! thine arm  
Has ill averted, and my troubled soul  
To gladness tun'd. A virtuous youth that arm  
Has hither guided---one who Thee adores--- 475  
And mated to our daughter, offspring sole,  
As he of his fond parents---Mercy, Lord !  
Show'r on them ! health, and joy abundant show'r !  
Till their Age-honour'd forms are cluster'd round  
With blooming pledges of their children's love,-- 480  
Them making blefs'd, tho' hoary."

Solemn pause

Here seemly follow'd. Then, with aspect bright,  
The mock'd abyss of Death, the yawning grave,  
Delv'd recent by his hand, he joyous bade  
His willing servants fill, and mirth prepare, 485  
Lasting as half the term of Night's pale queen,  
Which now, full-orb'd, in silvery splendour reign'd.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

# ARGUMENT

OF

## THE THIRD PART.

Filial Piety---exemplified in the conduct of Tobias, who, though in full fruition of connubial bliss, feels the liveliest solicitude lest his long absence should prove a source of grief to his parents. He therefore requests Azarias to proceed to Rages, who cheerfully complies,---executes his commission---and brings Gabael with him to celebrate the nuptials of Tobias and Sara at Ecbatanè. In the mean while Tobit and Anna are alarmed respecting the safety of their son. The maternal grief of Anna described. Raguel endeavours in vain to prevail on Tobias to prolong his stay---his parting address to his daughter---Edna's to Tobias. The departure of the newly-married pair, with their train of attendants---their journey towards Nineveh. When at no great distance from that city, Azarias proposes that he and Tobias shall precede Sara, &c. to prepare her father and mother-in-law for her arrival. An evening view of their dwelling---Anna, seated at its door, anxiously looks for the Return of her son---he approaches, and is recognized at some distance. A tender interview. Tobit is restored to sight, and gives glory to God---goes to meet his daughter-in-law to the gate of the city---his salutation. A season of festivity again observed on the happy occasion. A conference between the father and son respecting the remuneration of Azarias. Tobias' generous proposal acceded to by his father, and communicated to Azarias, who, reassuming his angelic character, appears in uncommon beauty---informs them that he is Raphael, a commissioned messenger of heaven to do what he has done for their welfare---gives them various instructions, and vanishes from their sight---the sweetest music attending him in his ascent to the seats of celestial glory. An hymn of praise, predictive of the future prosperity of Judah and grandeur of Jerusalem. Tobit's decline---last counsel to his son---and death. His aged partner soon follows him to the grave---their respective interment. Tobias and Sara depart, with their children, from Nineveh---live in honour and happiness with Raguel at Ecbatanè---where, after attaining a good old age, they close their earthly existence.

# TOBIAS,

A

## SACRED POEM.

---

### PART THE THIRD.

---

TO duteous deeds no respite Filial-Love  
Knows or desires. A Parent's bidding 'wakes  
Thought, Energy, and Will; which all impel  
To action,---coveting no other meed  
Than fond approval, and the smile of Heav'n.      5  
---What will not Filial-Piety forego,  
A Father's breast to cheer? whose hand has toil'd,  
Nor yet e'er deem'd it toil, his children's days  
To bless. What will not Filial-Love forego,  
A Mother's tender bosom to requite      10  
For all the throbbing pangs it keenly felt,

What time the embryo-man she sorrowing bare?  
---Is aught enjoyment that imparts distress  
To those who gave us being? ---Pause, O Youth!  
Who wring'st their heart with anguish, and who plant'st  
Untimely wrinkles in their tear-wash'd cheek; 15  
Who, ere the winter of Old Age arrive,  
Dost shed around their aching temples snow:  
Oh! pause, and duly think of them and thee; ---  
Of them thou'rt hurrying, like a monster, down,  
Relentless to the grave; ---of Thee, for whom 20  
Thou'rt treasuring Destruction. ---What! at once  
A Self-Destroyer and a Parricide?  
Enormous Guilt! ---Awake, awake from Sin:  
It is a lethargy that 'numbs the soul,  
And robs it of sensation. Quit the path 25  
Fictitious flow'r's bestrew, where, cowering, lies  
A serpent that will sting thee, and whose wound  
Is death. To Virtue's consecrated walk  
Instant betake thee, where her votaries, few, 30

Onward proceed, in pleasantnes and peace,        30  
From earth to heav'n.

In that far better path

Journied th' ingenuous Youth whose bridal hour  
And wondrous rescue from the Pow'rs of Hell,  
So late we fung. In happiness supreme,  
Lo ! now his wedded moments sweetly glide ;        35  
While Female-Loveliness, and festal scenes  
Preclude all care. And yet, *devoid* of care,  
Say, lives Tobias for a Father's weal ?  
  
Ah, no. His kind associate, friend, and guide  
Address'd he courteous thus : " The passing days, 40  
Good Azarias ! well, full well, I know  
My Parents count in sorrow, while my feet  
Here fondly linger, and my Sara's fire  
Has, with an oath, my further movement barr'd,  
Till twice sev'n suns have faded. What can I ?        45  
His generous purpose thwart ?---The deed were base,  
But then my own lov'd Father's gentle heart,  
And her's who bare me, do I rudely wrong.

---Thy Kindness will befriend me; and the thorn,  
The only thorn that, in the rosy wreath        50  
Which twines about me, tender pain inflicts,  
Out-pluck, and leave me all-embower'd in bliss.

—To Gabael hence, my more than Brother! go.  
Nor be the debt thy object sole to gain;  
But hither, too, the worthy debtor bring:        55  
Bring Gabael's self; that he with us may share  
Our nuptial joy."

As hies the flock, at morn,  
To vernant pasture from the hurdled fold,  
Instant, to Rages, Azarias steer'd  
His willing way.—Arriv'd, the written pledge,    60  
With quick dispatch was cancel'd by the sum  
Told duly to a doit. For when pervades  
Integrity the breast, no plea is heard  
Fraught with deceptive guile to baffle Right,—  
The plea alone of knaves. An honest man        65  
Unlocks his coffers to discharge a debt,  
With heart as much consenting, as he heaps

More to his growing thousands. Gabael thus :  
And cordial welcome to the youth he gave ;  
Happy to greet him, as if he the sum 70  
Had brought, not ta'en away.—Ere sleep's soft hours  
Invited them their wearied eyes to close,  
Of his long-absent Brother much his tongue  
Affectionate enquir'd ; and kind resolve  
Speedy declar'd Tobias' nuptial days 75  
To gladden with his presence, soon as Rest,  
Sweet to the way-worn traveller, shou'd refresh  
His pleasing Visitant ; whose ardent zeal  
Wish'd quick departure.—Scarce had morn's shrill bird  
Summon'd the peasant to his rural task, 80  
When Sleep forsook their eye-lids. First to Heav'n  
Their orisons they pour'd ; then---short repast  
Partaken—blithe pursued their destin'd way.

Now, thro' the Median plains, to where the hours  
With feathery foot, in circling dance, slid by 85  
The wedded pair, thick scattering roseate flow'rs,

Repair'd the social friends ; and with them stray'd

Soul-cheering Pleasantnes, companion meet

Of Virtue. Yet not always on the Good

Is Pleasantness attendant. From the roof

90

Of pious Tobit she had tarried long.

Each day brought flattering hope, that, ere its close,

His aged arms would clasp his dear-lov'd son.

Still came he not ; and sickening dark mistrust

Sate heavy on his heart. The tender fears

95

Of Anna, scorning Reason's sage controul,

Thus gave to Woe a tongue : " Alas ! my Son,

Childles is now thy mother. Naught of charm

Has Life for me, since Thou, whose presence pour'd

Around me Joy, art dead!" — In vain, to soothe 100

Her anguish'd bosom, strove her calmer mate.

Day after day, she solitary stray'd

Along the highway path her son's last steps

Had mark'd, departing. Homeward then she turn'd

Disconsolate, with unavailing tears

105

Watering the ground. In vain did daintiest food

Court her reception. O'er the untasted meal  
 Silent she hung ; or only Silence' reign  
 Invaded with an oft-repeated sigh.

In vain did Night oblivious shadows bring : 110  
 Sweet Sleep its poppy sceptre fail'd to wave  
 Around her aching head.\* Longer had rul'd

\* The impatience of a fond Parent towards a long absent child, is no where, perhaps, so beautifully described, as in the inimitable Parable of the Prodigal Son. The words "*When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him,*" are, in tenderness, without a parallel. Horace also thus finely describes the inquietude of a mother resulting from the same cause :

Ut mater juvenem, quem notus invido  
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora  
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo  
 Dulci distinet a domo,  
 Votis omnibus hunc et precibus vocat,  
 Curvo nec faciem littore demovet.

Carm. lib. iv. od. 5.

...  
...  
...

*A free Translation.*

As some fond mother, near the winding shore,  
 Which ocean's billows lash with deaf'ning roar,  
 From the wide world of waters ne'er removes  
 Her tearful eye, that asks the son she loves ;  
 That son, whom envious hyperborean gales  
 Keep from his happy home. Each Pow'r she hails  
 With fervent eloquence, in pious pray'r,  
 While her soft bosom throbs with agonizing Care.

L. D.

Sorrow's despotic queen, had not the term—  
Twice sev'n revolving suns—from Raguel's oath  
Her darling son set free. Each soft constraint, 115  
The finish'd term to lengthen Raguel tried,  
To stay his eager feet, fresh sandal'd now  
For home-bound journey. “Let me go,” he cried,  
“ To those who mourn my absence, unappriz'd  
Of what high bliss has visited their son : 120  
Bliss, that were worse than misery, if my stay  
Them plunge in sorrow.”—“To their anxious ear,”  
Raguel replied, “ shall light-wing'd tidings speed,  
And glad them with the welfare of their son.”  
---“ Ah no !” the duteous youth impatient said, 125  
“ Let me embrace them, and let their fond arms  
Encircle me and this my charming bride ;  
Who, in their Love, endearment soft shall find,  
Warm as what glows within her mother's breast,  
And thine, her generous Sire's.”

When naught avail'd 130  
Solicitation, Raguel to his heart

The gentle pair once more alternate press'd,  
And, blessing them, exclaim'd: " My children dear,  
May He who dwells in yonder azure heav'ns  
A prosperous journey send you !---And do thou, 135  
My daughter, who from Duty's holy path  
Ne'er devious stray'd, nor one heart-goaded pang  
To this thy Mother, or to me e'er gav'ft  
Unkindly---now like Reverence bear to those  
Who soon will greet thee with parental love, 140  
And clasp thee as their child. That love return.  
Yet cease not us to harbour in thy thoughts,  
Whose pray'r's will ne'er omit thy Name, while breath  
Is ours to waft it to the throne of heav'n."

Then Edna said: " My husband's tender speech 145  
Has cloth'd my soul's soft meaning. Yet, my son !  
One parting charge Maternal-Fondness prompts  
My tongue to give thee---needed not, perchance,  
By thy true manly heart. This, this the sum.  
Benignly as the vernal Sun looks down 150

On some fair flow'r, too delicate to bear  
 A frowning sky, cherish my child. For, lo !  
 To thee, in special trust, we her consign.  
 Love her as thine own frame: and, bless'd by Heav'n,  
 Again may we behold you circled round      155  
 With blooming pledges of affection sweet,  
 Favour'd of God, and favourites of man!"

Again his daughter's willing hand the fire  
 Lock'd in her joyous mate's, and liberal gave  
 Of flocks and herds, and Ophir's shining gold      160  
 Full half his ample store,---a princely dow'r !  
 He gave too, what these gifts with bliss might crown--  
 His pious Blessing; fervent thrice implor'd  
 From all-dispensing Heav'n. Nor was withheld  
 By Gabael what bespoke a kinsman's heart      165  
 Warm in the welfare of the gentle pair.  
 While flow'd his parting tears, an offering kind  
 Swell'd the rich-treasures which obedient hands  
 Bore to the ready cars.---His homeward way

Then took Tobias, happy, 'mid a train 170

Of blithe attendants : some exalted high

On stately camels,---some on lowlier mules

Seated rejoicing, marvelling at scenes

And things unnoted or unseen before.

Oft cast their master a complacent look 175

On the way-faring troop : but oftest fell

His eyes' soft lustre on the peerless charms

Of Sara : while, in silent praise, his soul

Mounted to heav'n, whose all-propitious hand

Had on him show'r'd such blessings.--So the swain, 180

Who doubting prosperous issue to his toils,

When gave he to the furrow'd glebe his grain,

Eyes his thick crops of undulating gold,

And sings for joy ; while one surpassing field,

Skirted with roses and Acacia's bloom, 185

Awakens rapture.--Gladness thus the breast

Fill'd of Tobias, as he journied on

Homeward, impatient : when, majestic, lo !

Enormous Nineveh, descry'd afar,

Rose to his view. Then Azarias thus:

190

"Full well, my friend! thy father's hapless state  
 Thou know'st,---his visual orbs with scales obscur'd :  
 Thy gentle mate, then, and this menial train,  
 Let us outstep ; that all things may be meet  
 For their reception. And of that dire fish      195  
 Which thee assail'd in Tigris' rapid stream,  
 The gall forget not. For the darken'd eyes  
 Of thy lov'd Sire shall, when its potent touch  
 Has them anointed, brighten into sight.  
 Joy will his bosom warm, this goodly scene      200  
 Again to view : but chief Thee to behold,  
 His son, in safety, and with spouse so fair---  
 Unlook'd for---bless'd; whose lovely form will add  
 Charm to the name of Daughter."--"All thy speech,"  
 Tobias said, "is Wisdom's oracle; and ev'ry act      205  
 Bespeaks thee agent of her sov'reign will."

He ceas'd ; and instant, with his sapient Friend  
 Advancing, hied along,---his faithful dog

Attendant sole, which from its master's side  
Stray'd never. Intimation first the youth      210  
Imparted to his blooming bride, who rein'd  
Her dappled mule with soft-restraining hand,  
And slowly follow'd. Yet her radiant eyes  
No pause endur'd; but, till the winding way  
Mock'd their pursuit, fled with her lord.

## Now Eve 213

Dight in her dewy sheen, thro' all the air  
Breath'd sweetness, and, in curling volumes blue,  
The vapoury smoke o'ertopp'd the spreading tree  
That shaded Tobit's cot. In pensive mood  
Sate Anna at its door,---her anxious eye      220  
Bent on the path that robb'd her of her Son.  
Just had she wip'd a gushing tear away  
That dimm'd its pow'r,---when, to her eager gaze  
Appear'd his well-known form. "He comes, she  
cried,      [225  
"My Son! my Son!" And, instant speeding forth,

Fell on his neck, and, mingling happy tears  
With his, exclaim'd, " Now if my life's last hour  
Were clos'd---without a murmur cou'd I die,  
Again since I behold thee."—At the sound  
Of his lov'd Son's delightsome name, uprose      230  
The sightless Father, and impatient ran  
To press him to his heart. But all around  
Darkness prevailing, and no friend to guide---  
He, stumbling---on the hard and flinty earth  
Precipitous had fall'n, had not the youth      235  
On agile foot bounded---and in his arms  
Sav'd him from ill. Then, salutation done,  
The gall, as Azarias bade, he pass'd  
Athwart his unperceiving eyes, and said,  
" My Father, hope in God :"---when, lo ! away      240  
Their filmy whiteness vanish'd, and he saw  
His duteous son, rejoicing.—Now stream'd tears  
From those relumin'd orbs, erewhile obscur'd  
In darkness; tears, by ecstasy propell'd  
From their deep-hidden fount, fast by the heart. 245

Reclining on the youth he lov'd so well,  
His eyes' first lustre to restoring Heav'n  
He grateful offer'd, silent; then thus pour'd  
The tribute of his tongue: "O Thou who sit'st  
Entron'd in Light ineffable, divine,                   250  
Surrounded with bright hosts of spirits blest,  
Angels, and seraphim, which hymn thy praise!  
Blessed Thou art, and blessed be thy Name,  
Thro' endless ages! --- Thy correcting hand  
In mercy smote me, that thy marv'lous pow'r   255  
Might in me shine præminent, and that Grief---  
Transient as summer evening's rainbow-show'r---  
Might be ensued by Joy."

Then, happy heard

The wondering father what high bliss kind Heav'n  
Had to his son dispens'd; and, gladsome, went 260  
To greet the coming bride. The city's gate  
Scarce had he pass'd, when, tended by her train,  
Approach'd the lovely Stranger. Her he hail'd  
With soft salute---then thus: "Welcome thou com'st,

My child ! and bless'd be Virtue's favouring God, 265  
 Who hither brought thee ! Bless'd, too, be the Pair,  
 Thy Father and thy Mother ! who uprear'd  
 Such Worth and Beauty for my darling Son."

Festivity again the nuptial deed  
 Recorded, and, while sev'n revolving suns 270  
 The day enliven'd, reign'd. Rejoicing friends  
 Flock'd round and marvel'd much at sight restor'd  
 To aged Tobit. These he told 'twas GOD  
 Who from his eyes had Darkness chas'd away,  
 And Sorrow from his soul.

The festal term 275  
 Now ended, to his son, thus spake the sire !  
 " See that thy faithful Friend and Guide his meed  
 Lib'ral receive." Prompt answer made the son :  
 " O father ! Azarias' matchless Worth  
 Too feeble is my tongue in pow'r, to tell. 280  
 Me guided he in safety ; kept unharmed  
 My life from that dread monster of the deep,

Whose gall---with heav'n's own blessing---gave thee  
    fight :

And, from a monster far more dread, he sav'd  
Thy son ; from Demon the most dire that Hell 285  
Disgorges from its adamantine gates.

----Had Azarias---more than Brother kind---  
Prescrib'd no means preservative, the fiend,  
Flaming with ire, a blasted corse had stretch'd  
Thy only child. Then say, if half the dow'r 290  
I boast with my lov'd Sara, be unmeet  
For such distinguish'd service?"---"Good, my son !  
The worthy swain bring hither, and perform  
Thy grateful wish."

He came, and heard, well pleas'd,  
Their gen'rous purpose ; then apart he led 295  
Them to a scene sequester'd, which no foot  
Might tread intrusive,---no rude eye profane.  
It was a garden where commingling sweets,  
Breath'd from innum'rous flow'rs, fill'd all the air,  
And shadowy trees with luscious fruits were hung. 300

---There, ere he spake, amaz'd, with radiant light  
They saw his brow encircled, and his form  
Assume surpassing grace. On either cheek  
Sate more than mortal beauty,---bloom more soft  
Than tint of dewy rose. Benignant Love 305  
Beam'd from his piercing eye; and lustrous wings,  
Whiter than cygnet's down, expanding grew  
On his fair shoulders. Round him was a robe  
Cerulean wreath'd, of gossamer---instinct  
With stars of living light and dropt with gold. 310  
While through the ambient air such sweetness stole,  
That earth seem'd heav'n.

Prone on their faces, fell  
The wondering fire and son: when, mild as blows  
The whispering zephyr at the vernal morn,  
These accents met their ear; "Arise, my Friends! 315  
The friends of God and man! and fear no ill.  
Raphael am I, the Messenger of Heav'n;  
One of its holy Angels which present  
The pray'rs of saints before the glorious throne

Of the Most High. Thine, Tobit ! when Distress 320  
And Blindnes wrung thy heart, I pitying bore  
To yonder seat of Mercy. Frequent still  
Intreat the Sov'reign Ear of Boundless Love.  
Pray'r has ascending wings which soar to heav'n.  
Like that vast ladder, by the Patriarch kenn'd 325  
In visionary dream, with angels throng'd,  
Pray'r opes communion free, from needy man  
To Bounty's God, and brings his Blessings down.

But mindful be ye, that from bosoms pure,  
Or throbbing with Compunction's chastening pang,  
The sacred incense rise : and let bright Faith [330  
With fervid flame enkindle it---or, void  
Of vital spirit, lifeless, down to earth  
Will sink the unhallow'd offering.---Alms give wings  
To Supplication. Better 'tis to bless 335  
The famish'd Poor, than bury dormant gold  
In sordid coffer, cankering with disuse ;  
Like a putrescent stercoracious mass,

Naught, save rank weeds, producing. But impart  
That mass putrescent to the hungry fields,--- 340  
*There* see it scatter'd by the rustic swain,  
While tepid show'rs descend---and lo ! soon smiles  
Fertility in mantle green, around.  
---An emblem this of gold diffus'd : and hence  
Its moral worth let hoarding misers learn. 345  
Well dealt, it blesses : to the poor man's heart,  
With Sorrow chill'd, and clouded with Despair,  
Imparting gladness.---Tobit ! when thy board  
Was crown'd with Plenty, thou this duteous youth  
Didst send to seek the hungry, and them bring 350  
To share Heav'n's Goodness. And the gen'rous deed  
Heav'n mark'd approving. So, when unappall'd  
By cruel menace or vindictive Hate,  
The mangled Dead to decent sepulture  
Thou bør'st humanely---Heav'n, whose eye ne'er  
sleeps, 355  
Beheld thee, and on its eternal roll  
The pious act recorded. Deeds like these

Have made thy Friend the Almighty; whose behest  
To guard thy son from danger, and to lead  
Him on to nuptial bliss---glad I obey'd.      360

That Friend, regarding thee, too, in distress,  
Bade me on thy long-darken'd eye-balls pour  
The bright effulgence of delightsome day,  
And give thee to behold with raptur'd gaze  
The lovely face of Nature,---lovelier still      365

The roll of Inspiration, teaching man  
His origin and end.---The term now clos'd  
Of my sojourn in this terrestrial sphere,  
I go to Him who sent me,---in His courts  
To minister; where Pleasures reign too vast      370

For man's conception, till his cumbrous mould  
He lay aside, and through yon golden gates,  
Which now invite my entrance, wing his way  
To live in bliss for ever."---Here he ceas'd,  
And lo! while, reverent, the astonish'd pair      375  
Adoring bow'd, far-beaming glories shone  
Around their angel-guest: when, upward borne,

Majestic, in a flood of amber light  
 He vanish'd ! Then, harmonious thro' the air  
 Was heard celestial minstrelsy, more sweet                    380  
 Than aught that charms the ear in wood or grove,  
 Or mortal choir symphonious, finely tun'd  
 And swelling to the organ's choral sound---  
 Lifting the soul to Heav'n.—Awe-struck, uprose  
 The human pair, sole auditors, and wide                    385  
 Proclaim'd aloud the marvel,---praising God.

Nor pour'd was evanescent praise alone  
 By grateful Tobit. In abiding lines,  
 To after ages left he lofty hymn,  
 With energy thus fraught, and warmth divine :            390  
 "Bles'd be the Eternal, and His kingdom bles'd !  
 Who ne'er afflicts his children but in love,  
 And to the borders of Death's dark domain  
 Them frequent leads in mercy, that to health  
 Again, obedient, he may them restore :                    395  
 When, in their hallow'd dwellings, Joy's glad voice

Tuneful shall rise.—O Israel! Him confess  
Before the nations, ignorant of His Name:  
Amid whose idol-altars we are doom'd  
To stray forsaken,—scatter'd by His arm      400.  
For countless sins. Those sins if ye bemoan,  
And, penitent, to Him who smites you turn—  
As His bright emblem, yon meridian Sun,  
From dark clouds, oft, with renovated beams  
Bursts on a dreary world—his gladdening face    405  
Again will shine upon you. As pure gold  
The furnace separates from unvalued dross,  
He will collect our lorn and sever'd tribes  
Out of the scoffing nations, which oppres  
Our abject race, and brighter bid return      410  
Fal'n Salem's glory. His prophetic page,  
In cheering promise, thus sublimely speaks:  
What tho' from Zion's and my people's woes  
Long time I turn'd, abhorrent of their crimes,  
Yet prosp'rous days, behold, again I bring,—    415  
Peace, peace abundant, and unfailing joy.

Judah's captivity severe shall cease,

And Israël's greatness once again return.

Pardon'd of sin, in purity and bliss,

The voice of gratulation they shall raise

420

In Salem's streets,---those streets which, now so drear,

Fell Desolation scours of man and beast.

Mid heapy spoils of palaces and domes,

Where trembling Dread uninterrupted reigns,---

Or whose dull reign, all-silent as the tomb,

425

Is interrupted only by the blast

That wings the storm, or by the horrid shriek

Of Night's lone bird,---e'en there the choral song

Of Gladness shall resound. Where stretches wide

Confusion her long line o'er massive stones---

430

The sculptur'd fragments of once gorgeous piles---

Now moss'd by Time, and with each noisome weed

Rudely o'ergrown; where hideous satyrs dance,

While the queen-owl by moonlight holds her court,

And bitterns huge and cormorants mope around;

435

Where the gaunt vulture, hovering, screams for food.

While desert-monsters, in tremendous ire,  
Growl o'er the mangled carcase ; there, e'en there  
Again, so grand, shall beauteous Order rise,  
That what was glorious once, from Mem'ry's  
roll, 440

As undeserving note, like some faint dream  
Shall fleeting fade away.---With Plenty crown'd,  
Sion, imperial seat of Heav'n's own King !

Wide o'er the teeming earth thy fair domain  
Shall spread, illimitable,---bastion'd walls, 445  
And strong munitions, fruit of hum'an toil,  
Needed no more : for round thee Might divine  
Shall raise, impregnable, a wall of Fire !  
Terrific Spectacle to ev'ry eye

That views thy weal with hostile aim malign ! 450  
But to thy children, whom its circling flame  
Encloses, all-protective, shall it seem  
A Miracle of Glory ! shedding light  
Soft and benign as Evening's solar beam,  
That blends its lustre with the vernal show'r. 455

---So, to th' assailant's spear, in Parthian wilds,  
The cavern'd lioness stern defiance bids,  
And from her eye-balls Fury's reddening flame  
Flashes ! while on her young she fondly turns  
Affection's tender glance.---Decrepid Age; 460  
The tottering Ruin of what once was Man,  
Within thee, happy City ! shall no more  
E'er shock the sight : yet in thine ev'ry haunt  
So full of years shall hoary Age be seen,  
That, bending with the venerable load, 465  
A seemly staff shall grace its sinewy hand :  
But, vigorous in each mental faculty,  
It shall exhibit to the charmed eye  
A Monument for Wonder ! on its brow  
Tho' Time shed snow, and furrows deep indent, 470  
That brow shall wear its smile,—amus'd to see  
Gay troops of blooming youths, bright nymphs and  
swains,  
In sportive revelry or mazy dance  
Crown with felicity the closing day..

Nor shall the verdant hills which round thee rise 475  
As sheltering guardians by th' Almighty placed,  
Want their peculiar charms ; but the rapt ear  
Shall they salute with shepherds' rustic lays  
While flocks unnumber'd whiten all the plain.

The nuptial carol, too, shall oft proclaim 480  
Tidings of love successful, love sincere,—  
And in each dwelling lively-hearted Joy  
Lift her inspiring notes in dulcet song.  
Divinest harmony shall Judah blefs,—  
Divinest praises fill the sounding courts 485  
Of Him who bade Captivity expire,  
And smiling Freedom hail the happy land.\*

\* It is unnecessary to inform the biblical reader that all between line 410 and line 487 is matter to which there is nothing correspondent in the Book of Tobit; but that the imagery is chiefly derived from the divine pages of ancient prophecy; with which the pious father of Tobias must have been well acquainted. The manner in which that imagery is introduced, making him the medium through which it is given, the author presumes will shield it from the charge of inconsistency. Were he uninfluenced by a desire that no part of his poem should merit such a charge,

Then, O my exil'd fellows ! scorn despair,  
 And tune your voices to the Eternal's praise.  
 Him, tho' far-sever'd from my native plains,— 490  
 An alien scoff'd in thralldom—fearless, Him  
 Does my tongue celebrate,—His boundless Love,  
 His Majesty and Might---to ears unus'd  
 To such high themes ; to sinners, all-estrang'd  
 From God and Goodness,---at an idol's shrine 495  
 Who bow infatuate.—Oh, admonish'd, turn,  
 Ye erring mortals ! turn to Nature's LORD :  
 And, His behests obeying, who can say  
 He will not on you with benignant eye  
 Look down, and in his wide-encircling arms 500  
 Embrace you gracious ?—— O paternal King !  
 Whate'er my lot, Thee my unfetter'd soul,

he would gladly have enriched the passage, descriptive of the future glory of Jerusalem, from the inspired writings of St. John, in the Apocalypse ; particularly by certain grand images contained in the two last chapters of that sublime and darkly-mysterious production : images which are distinguished perhaps, for greater magnificence than any thing else in the Sacred Volume, and to which there is nothing comparable in the finest works of human genius.

In aspirations jubilant, shall hail.  
Nor Salem ! holy city ! oft redeem'd  
From hostile rage by his Almighty Arm,      505  
Do thou his praise to celebrate refuse.  
---What tho' he scourge thee for thy foul misdeeds ;  
It is in mercy : yet his lifted rod  
Instant thy penitential tears will stay ;  
And, as a father's heart in pity melts      510  
For his repentant child, with tenderest love  
He will embrace thee,—changing grief to joy.  
Thy ruin'd temple, where, effulgent, dwelt  
His saving Presence, in thee shall arise  
With added glory ; and from far shall come,      515  
Bearing for Judah's Monarch costliest gifts,  
The thronging nations. High thy palaces  
Again shall tow'r, beaming with purest gold,  
Sapphires, and emeralds, and every gem.  
Thy peopled streets with beryl shall be pav'd,      520  
With jasper, and pyropus' fiery stone,

And all thy crowded ways shall shouting sing  
“ Salvation ! Solyma, redeem’d, thus lifts  
To her Eternal King eternal praise !”  
And bless’d be they who in thy weal rejoice : 525  
Who mourn’d thy woes ; and, when thou wert chaf-  
tis’d,  
Felt the keen chastisement’s afflictive pangs.  
Throb in their soul ;---for ever bless’d with thee,  
Shall these rejoice, and all thy glory share.”

He ceas’d ; yet oft resum’d the lofty song, 530  
While sublunary scenes his aged feet  
Trod trembling. When with fellow-saints above,  
Sublimer strains, amid cherubic hosts,  
To their high harpings, he enraptur’d fang.  
—But ere translated to the blissful seats 535  
Of Light unfading, he a blooming race  
Beheld around his venerable form,—  
His children’s children, an obedient train ;

Renewing, emulous, his various Worth,

Their parents' virtues and corporeal charms.

540

Year after year roll'd on, and each more fit

Made him for glory ; till the silver cord,

Loosen'd by Time's dissolving hand, forgot

Its wonted office ; till the golden bowl,

That holds the treasures of the reasoning brain, 545

Was well-nigh broken, and the wond'rous wheel

That winds the life-blood from the copious heart,

Slowly revolv'd : then, then the pious sage

Read, in these solemn monitory signs,

The coming hour of death's all-closing sleep. 550

---Nature fast ebb'd : but yet the pow'r of speech

Forsook not his pale lips. These parting words,

Seated amid his kindred, he address'd

With tenderest accent to his heedful son,

What time old reverend Age's honours grey

555

Shook on his palsied head : " I feel, my son,

The hand of death press on me. While remains  
Enough of tremulous speech, oh let me warn  
Thee far from this devoted land to fly :  
And bear with thee to Media's happy plains. 56•

Each dear-lov'd Relative. For soon I ween  
Shall Nineveh's vast city be no more.  
Where now her idol-temples proudly tow'r,  
Shall Vengeance smoke, and Ruin's mighty hand  
With nameless horrors strew the frightful scene. 565

---Fly, then, my son ! the coming judgments fly,  
Soon as the grave demands my old remains,  
Now render'd worthless, from a century's wear,  
And more : a period long, when backward looks  
Remembrance o'er unnumber'd sorrows. Long, 570

If thro' the chequer'd journey Goodness paced  
Beside the woe-worn pilgrim. But, alas !  
Of that attendant, cloth'd in heav'n's own robe,  
I little boast ; and, at this dark'ning hour,  
Leave all to Mercy ; whose approving smile, 575

My son ! by just, humane, and holy deeds,  
Strive to secure ; and on thee rest, and thine,  
God's Blessing !"—Here articulation fail'd ;  
And soft as falls the pearly tears of eve  
On opening roses, his last tender words        580  
Descended on each fondly-listening ear,  
And thence into the heart.—No more he spake :  
For Death sat lovely on his pallid cheek,  
Closing with lenient hand his heav'n-ward eyes ;  
Eyes bright with visions of celestial bliss.        585  
---Mute all around the kindred-mourners stood,  
And mark'd the dying saint ; while from each breast  
That heav'd with grief, arose the holy wish  
Like him to die.----Ere long, again was pres'd  
The bier funereal with the wreck of death,---    590  
The pale remains of Tobit's widow'd mate.  
---As when two citrons of coeval birth,  
Together ripen on one bending bough,  
Oft will young Zephyr with its balmy breath

Them, mellow'd by the seasons, jointly shake      595  
 On earth's green lap : so far'd it with the Pair,---  
 The venerable Pair whose nuptial lot  
 Erewhile we sang.

Soon where her Tobit lay,  
 The faithful Anna slept ;---one grave their bed,---  
*One verdant sod their mingling wedded dust*      600  
*Soft covering.\**---Such the solemn fond request  
 Of Tobit, utter'd in Affliction's hour,  
 What time Adversity and Blindness leagued  
 To plunge him in despair.---That grave their son  
 With Filial Duty's tender tear bedew'd:      605  
 Then journied slow, with oft-reverted eye,  
 Tow'rds Raguel's distant home,---his partner fair,  
 And prattling little ones beguiling sweet  
 His sorrows by the way. Arriv'd, new scenes,---  
 New friends and hopes the pensive mourner cheer'd:  
 And ere twelve moons had mark'd his nightly tears,

• See page 13.

His bleeding breast was heal'd. Then fleetly pass'd  
The circling hours. Then Happiness around  
Spread ever-smiling sweets, till hoary Age  
Bow'd him and his lov'd helpmate to the dust, 615  
In unperceiv'd decay, without a pang ;  
On earth lamented by the Good, and bless'd  
With secret foretaste of the joys of heaven.



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